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Holland City News - The Fair Daily, Volume 1, Number 4: September 30, 1887

Holland City News

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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

THE FAIR DAILY.

VOLUME 1.

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, SEPTEMBER 30, 1887.

NUMBER 4.

TOO & MUCH & BUSINESS

Has prevented us from making a display at the FAIR GROUNDS, but if you will call at OUR STORE we feel satisfied that you will be pleased with our exhibition of

**CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
HANGING LAMPS.**

You will be welcome and we will take
Pleasure in showing you around our Large Store.

**Our stock of Dry Goods and Groceries
is complete in every respect.**

PETER STEKETEE & CO.,
Post's Brick Block, Cor. Eighth and River St.

In want of a good Cigar call for

"J. M." straight 5c. Cigar.
THE BEST IN THE CITY.

EVERY CIGAR DEALER KEEPS THEM.

**DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT
KELLER'S ART STUDIO**

And get a dozen of those fine Cabinet Photos, ONLY \$2.00, or
a fine Tin Type. See picture on exhibition in Main Building.
Gallery: Opposite Bosman's Clothing Store, EIGHTH STREET.

C. BLOM, Jr. KREMERS & BANGS

dealer in

dealers in

**Confectionery,
Bakers' Goods, Etc.
Pipes, Tobacco and Cigars.**

**Drugs
AND
Medicines,**

**The only LUNCH COUNTER
in the City.**

PAINTS AND OILS.

OYSTERS served in every Style.
Remember the Steam Peanut Roaster at the Fair Grounds.
River Street, - HOLLAND, MICH.

A full and complete line of
Artists' Material.
Eighth Street.

Van Duren Bros. Shoe Store

Ladies and Gentlemen's Fine Foot Wear a specialty; also light Rubber Goods for this season of the year. Just the place for you to come during the fair. Eighth street.

Visitors at the Fair should not fail to look at the

PHOTOS AND CABINETS

exhibited by

BURGESS & YOUNG,

And before returning for home leave orders for pictures at their studio. They guarantee to do work that cannot be surpassed by any Artist in Western Michigan.

PRICES REDUCED DURING FAIR WEEK.

**YATES & KANE,
Druggists and Book-sellers**

Fine Chemicals, Miscellaneous Books,
Flavoring Extracts, Fancy Stationery,
Pure Drugs, School Books,
Choice Perfumes, Dressing and
Toilet Articles, Odor Cases, Etc.

On our News Counter can be found all the leading Magazines and Periodicals, Fashion books, daily and weekly papers and current and secular literature. Come and see us during Fair week.
Corner Eighth and River Streets, Holland, Mich.

JOHN PESSINK & BRO.

Wish all their friends to call on them during Fair Week either at their stand on the Grounds or store up town.

THEY WILL SERVE THE PEOPLE WITH LUNCHEES
as they have done in the past.

Warm Peanuts and Hot Taffy for the Children.

Store on Eighth street, HOLLAND, MICH.

PROGRAMME.

AFTERNOON.

1:00—Performance on the slack wire by the "Great De Boe."
1:30—Three Minute Race, mile heats, best 3 in 5, Purse \$75.00.
2:00—Walking Race, double team, half-mile heats, best 2 in 3, Purse \$10.00.
2:30—Free for All Race, mile heats, best 3 in 5, Purse \$100.00.

FAIR FACTS.

Don't miss seeing plans of the Michigan Hedge Company in the Main Hall.

To-day opens with a steady rain, and unless it clears up it will be very disagreeable at the Fair Grounds.

MANY of the Holland merchants done a thriving business yesterday. Some of them having extra clerks to wait on the trade.

MARSHAL VAUPELL tells us that everybody has been very peaceable and quiet. So far there has not been a single arrest made.

ONE of the features of the fair at Allegan next week will be a double marriage. Something of this kind might have been a drawing card here.

YESTERDAY was a holiday with the school children and the employees of the Cappon and Bertsch Co. They all attended the fair of course.

THE conspicuous sign on the Pioneer's building attracted considerable attention yesterday. Some were at a loss to know what it meant but they very soon found out.

HON. George W. McBride took in the big show yesterday. The agricultural department pumpkins, the tattooed rabbits and Fennville Indians seemed to have unaccountable fascination for him.

At the fair the Singer Sewing Machine, the old veteran seems to hold the fort. The people crowd around the Singer stand to see the fine samples in arresene work done upon the Singer machine.

WALSH-DE ROO MILLING CO. and Pessink Bros. were about the only patriotic business men in town yesterday. They flew the national colors from their places of business and others ought to follow their example.

A LARGE Fennville delegation came in from Fennville yesterday, coming on the early West Michigan train, accompanied by the Fennville band. It was expected that at least two hundred more would come from the same place later in the day.

MR. J. J. LITTLEJOHN, Secretary of the Allegan Driving Association was one of the most conspicuous figures on the track yesterday afternoon. He created a very favorable impression among the ladies, and was considered standard authority on farmers' roadsters.

THE cow bell cigar venders more than raked in the nickles yesterday. The scheme of hitting a bell with a base ball three times in succession at four paces afforded the average country youth more satisfaction than if he had been offered the presidency of the United States.

HAVE you seen the man at the Fair Grounds who eats glass and hot sealing wax and many other very warm articles of like nature? He has certainly a wonderful stomach to stand a diet of this kind, but that he does and is in good health is attested by two of our reputable physicians who examined him yesterday.

EDITOR Holmes, of the Fennville Dispatch, was at the fair yesterday. He is more fortunate than the most of newspaper men being an accomplished musician. He can operate anything from a mouth organ to a snare drum. He is of dignified musical carriage, and can be readily distinguished from the others when the band goes by.

It is a very noticeable fact that our local business men are not represented as they should be at the Fair Grounds, and outsiders frequently speak of it. Comparatively few firms have exhibits there, and they do not manifest the interest that they ought to when they come

to think that they are the ones who reap the benefits from the Fair.

ONE of the traction engines was running around rather promiscuously on the grounds shortly before noon, yesterday. A rather brawny looking man from the country supposing that it had got loose from somewhere, set up a hideous howling and even went so far as to cast a post in the track, before he discovered that there was an engineer running it.

NO ONE of our merchants had more of a trade during fair week than did our old and reliable dry goods merchant, D. Bertsch. His stock in novelties just caught the trade and when it came to staple lines the outside purchasers knew exactly where to go. If you don't see what you want at D. Bertsch's we will bet that he can get it for you in less than forty minutes, standard time.

THE Diamond Wind Mill manufactured by R. Kanters & Sons, supplied about 50,000 drinks yesterday to say nothing of the amount of Adam's ale consumed by the cattle, horses, and other animals on the grounds. All of this water was supplied by one force pump and there was enough left to irrigate a small farm. Mr. L. T. Kanters personally superintended the working of the mill and saw that the pump was kept going.

THE first man that the old time democrats enquire for, upon arriving at the depot, is Postmaster Van Putten. It was not the Fair they wanted so much as the latest novelty in Holland, a good old hard shell democratic postage stamp dispenser. He was so interrupted in making out his quarterly reports by the calls of his over-enthusiastic friends on yesterday afternoon that he contracted for a bus to run between the depot and the Fair Ground, labeled "Free bus direct to the fair without stopping, for Ottawa County and Grand Rapids democrats."

At the Fair.

THE BIG DAY.

The expectations of the S. O. & W. A. Agricultural Society were more than realized yesterday. They knew from the start that if properly conducted, a Fair in Holland would be a drawing card, and the institutions of it, although few in number, should be entitled to much credit. What has been accomplished by these "few" can only be illustrated by the success of the Fair yesterday. Treasurer Breyman's report will show that the receipts will by far exceed those of the previous two years on any single day, which will alone place 7,000 people on the grounds. When you come to figure on the number of children admitted, those holding Judges passes, exhibitors passes, entry permits, and life membership, there must have been at least 9,000 people on the grounds, while those who have taken more pains to estimate say that 10,000 would be a small number. From our personal observation we are satisfied that 10,000 people on the ground would be a fair estimate. There was not a period of three minutes in the day that all the buses at command were not in use, and there was a constant crowd coming on the walks. Three gate keepers were gathering in the coupons and they had but little time to spare. To say the least the grounds at midday presented an animated moving mass of humanity representing all classes of people. There were to be seen the modest dresses and the maiden faces, then again attempts at flashy apparel and would-be bold faces. Other careful observers would pick out the intelligent and the industrial, the independent, and the poor, the home-made faces and the modern wax make-ups. All were, however, on an equal plane. They could hear the music, look at the pictures, or examine the needle work in the Main Building, inhale the fragrance from the flowers, or anxiously wish for a taste of the tempting fruit in the Pomological Building, wish for a farmer's life or pumpkin pie in the Agricultural Hall, or take their chances on being relieved of their ready cash by the stand-keepers in the immediate vicinity. Those not at home here could put in their time to a good advantage looking over the premium stock, the thoroughbred horses, the fine woolly sheep, the highly flavored swine, or running the gauntlet of the diamond studded and good looking agricultural

implement and machine men. After going the rounds there was a general stampede for the grand stand, where, in accordance with the programme announced by the daily News, the Great De Boe entertained the crowd for a half hour or so on the slack wire with accompanying selections by the Fennville and Holland bands. At two o'clock the chimes of the grand stand bell announced the races, with the old veterans Dr. Yates, Tony De Kruit and Mr. Bennett as Judges.

First in order came the "Green Farmer's Race" with the following entries; A. D. Foster's Prince, Wm. Deen's Fly, F. Headly's Berlin, A. Van Raalte's Jim, F. A. Sawyer's Billy S., A. Kloobula's Kit, D. L. Barber's Dick, and John Ten Haar's Billy. To start with, a protest was filed on Jim, which was not entertained and the horses were given the start in sections. There was no choice, no betting, "no judges favorite," no jockeying, all came in for an equal show. First heat, Dick 1st, Berlin 2nd, Jim 3rd, Billy S. 4th, Prince 5th, Kit 6th, Fly 7th, and Billy 8th. In the second heat Billy was withdrawn and the competitors in the heat were the horses named in the first heat. Billy S. was adjudged 1st, Berlin 2nd, Jim 3rd, the rest following promiscuously in the 2nd heat. At the outcome there were only three horses in the race, viz: Berlin, Jim, and Billy S. Jim was given the race, best time, 3:05.

For the two year olds, there were but three entries, Ben P. by John Parkinson, Star by John Klaver, and Sea Shell by H. Joscelyn. Sea Shell won three straight heats ½ mile, two in three. Showing up as an infant, Sea Shell takes the cake.

In the double team race there were but three entries, viz: Wm. Van Putten, Mr. Joscelyn and Henry Sprick. The former brought on the track Turk and Montague Boy registered roadsters, but at the same time Mr. Joscelyn had a pair of four year olds that would not let the grass grow under their feet. Turk and Montague carried off three straight heats, time, 3:06, 2:49½ and 2:44½. When it is understood that there were two 150 pound men seated in a heavy road buggy in this race the time is phenomenal.

To conclude the race programme there was a running match between Hollenthal's Roy, H. H. Karsten's Jim, and H. Boone's Seline, and Roy bolted the track and on account of being distanced, Jim was given the prize.

There was much excitement about this time in consequence of the bolt by Seline. Shortly before reaching the quarter pole he left the track running down a horse and buggy, the latter occupied by the wife, mother, and two children of President Beach, of the S. O. & W. A. Association. Fortunately beyond a few slight bruises to the rider of the horse no injuries were sustained.

Mrs. D. GILMORE died at the home of Mrs. Alcott this morning at four o'clock, after a lingering illness. Short services will be held at the house this evening, after which the remains will be taken to the home of the deceased in Fairview, Ill., for interment.

THE Secretary informs us that the premiums will be paid after next week Tuesday. Parties are requested to call for premiums only on Saturday.

**WALSH'S
Go to Drug Store.**

The oldest, leading and most reliable place to purchase
**PURE DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,
CARRIAGE PAINTS,
BRUSHES, OIL MEAL AND
PATENT MEDICINES.
PURE LIQUORS for Medical Use.
FAMILY RECEIPTS,
Prescriptions, Horse Medicines.**

This House is too well-known to enter into any comment as to the purity and freshness of the articles sold.

C. Steketee & Bos,
dealers in
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Crockery and Glassware.**

A Good 5 and 10c. Counter.
**CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK
AND LEARN OUR PRICES.**
Cor. River and Tenth Sts., HOLLAND, MICH.

Holland City News.

HOLLAND CITY, MICHIGAN.

TALTON DAUZY, with limbs tied and great beads of sweat upon his face, being about to be hung at Camden, S. C., kissed his baby and spoke these old words, unutterably human and touching, to his children, "Mind mamma."

HENRY CLAY once had his daguerreotype taken by a Philadelphia artist. He was taken to the gallery by a friend named Potter, and when he was asked how he wanted to have his likeness taken, said: "I am Clay in the Potter's hand—mold me as you will."

"UNCLE" WILLIS BLACKWELL, who lives near Great Bend, is probably the oldest man in Kansas. He was born a slave in Fauquier County, Virginia, Nov. 20, 1775. He owns a good farm, which he will neither mortgage nor sell, and the county supports him, he having outlived all his family. He is an inveterate tobacco-chewer, and insists that if he were to leave off he would die.

ANOTHER curious phenomenon in the shape of a plague of ants is reported from Nancy. The insects were immense in size, some having wings, but the majority wingless. They fell in such large numbers that the inhabitants thought they were having a repetition of one of the plagues of Egypt. It is supposed that the rain of insects was the forerunner of the violent storm which swept over Nancy on the next day.

A NEGRO waiter at Sweet Springs, Mo., the other day stole a kiss from a pretty white girl whom he was serving at a table. The indignant young lady reported the outrageous performance to the hotel proprietor, who promptly discharged the waiter, withholding from him a portion of his pay. The employees of the hotel stood by the discharged waiter and struck in a body, leaving the landlord in such a predicament that he was compelled to accede to their demands.

SOME of the internal revenue agents having raised the point that they are entitled to thirty days' leave of absence, like other Government employees, the First Comptroller was asked for an opinion on the subject. He says that internal revenue agents being paid by the day, they can only draw their salary while on duty, and if they go off on leave their pay stops. In other words, that per diem men are not contemplated by the law giving leave of absence with pay to other Government employees.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT has kept a journal ever since he was a boy, and as he was born in 1797 and has known intimately nearly every man of distinction in New England from that time to the present, it ought to be most interesting reading. This journal fills sixty volumes of neatly written manuscript, which will be given to the world after his death. Mr. Alcott is still a helpless invalid, and spends most of his time on a couch asleep or looking over his books.

JOHN STILLMAN, who was conductor of the fatal train at Chatsworth, went into the wreck weighing 194 pounds. He now weighs 151 pounds, a loss of forty-three pounds. He is unable to eat heartily, and has not known a night of restful slumber since the accident. When he does sleep his slumbers are broken by visions of the wreck, and in imagination he hears the terrible cries of the wounded and dying till he wakes, more worn and restless than before. He is now taking an unlimited vacation at the expense of the road.

His Indian Highness the Thakore Sahib of Limbel has arrived in New York, and purposes visiting all the great American cities, traveling incognito as Sir Jasvalsingjee. His subjects number about 60,000. During the voyage on the steamer he was clad in cloth of gold, even to his turban, his slippers were gold embroidered, and his shirt was encircled with a golden girdle. Before he landed, however, he doffed these gorgeous habiliments and donned a plain black corkscrew suit. He then looked like an ordinary Christian. He will return home by way of California, and will be the first Indian prince to go around the world.

SOME remarkable revelations have recently been made concerning the volunteer fire department at Plainfield, N. J.

J. It appears that a number of its members were engaged in an incendiary conspiracy that has been in working order for the past year. The numerous and recurring fires in that town that have disturbed underwriters it seems "were started for fun," the main object being the treat of lager beer and free lunch furnished the firemen at the hands of the generous citizens whose property had been saved. It is strange what men will do to obtain beverages at somebody else's expense. A dozen ringleaders in this unique conspiracy of arson are now behind the bars, and will probably continue to do eating and drinking at the public expense for some time, but in a more frugal fashion.

A BULL wading in the Flint River, Georgia, the other day was attacked by a huge alligator. A terrible fight began in which the latter snapped furiously with his huge jaws, tearing the skin and flesh in big strips from the bull. The bull got his horns into the gator's sides and, lifting his huge carcass, tossed him high and dry on the ground, and following up with a deep bellow rushed again upon its foe. The alligator met him with a terrible blow of the tail, knocking off one horn and bringing the bull to his knees. The other horn got in under a foreleg of the gator, and the gator, getting a front foot of the bull in its mouth, they became locked, and rolled and tumbled fearfully. They got into the water again, where after a brief struggle both expired.

JUSTICE FIELD and his associates of the United States Court at San Francisco may have rendered a proper decision in the Stanford matter, says the Chicago Herald. It was their duty to apply the rule, and the rule seems to be what they stated, namely, that the commission had no more judicial power than its creator, the National Legislature, and was not entitled to the aid of courts in compelling answers from a contumacious witness, especially so when these answers might criminate the witness. If Congress is in earnest it will have to proceed against the delinquent aided railways in different fashion. But if the Justice and his associates have a duty to discharge upon the bench they are under moral obligation of discreet and seemingly personal conduct. They ought so to bear themselves that popular respect for the bench would suffer no detriment. It was not merely indiscreet, it was scandalous, that after having rendered a decision which lifted Stanford out of a predicament Judge Sawyer should immediately become the host of Stanford and other Pacific Railroad officials at a dinner attended also by Justice Field and Judge Hoffman. The report seems almost incredible. But the influence of Stanford's great wealth upon the politics, the social life and the official expression of the Pacific coast is phenomenal.

LAST month fifty young men and women left England for Southern India to engage in missionary work. They constitute a detachment of the Salvation Army, and their leader is a Mr. Tucker, who for many years held an important position in the civil service in the Punjab, which he relinquished in order to raise recruits for the grand army of Gen. Booth. He spent some time in England training the young soldiers he was to take to the banks of the Ganges. He has taught them the rudiments of one of the languages of India, supplied them with the kinds of clothing worn by the natives and accustomed them to the sort of food they will eat there. They will appear in the district to which they are assigned in native costume, speaking the language of the people, and living in all respects as they do. They will abstain from meat, kill no animals, birds, or creeping things, live on rice and vegetables, wear no hats or bonnets, and dwell in bamboo huts. They will not associate with the English and will not use their language. As far as possible they will adopt all the manners and customs of the country that are not inconsistent with the practice of Christianity. Mr. Tucker states that most of the people of India object to Christianity "because it is English." It was introduced into the country by the people who conquered them and who regard themselves as a superior class. Many of the natives look upon the missionaries as they do upon the officers in the English army and the officials in the civil service. There is a deep and wide gulf between them. Mr. Tucker and those who accompany him will try and convince them that they are pleased with their ways, their language, their dress, and manner of living.

Bill Nye Tackles the Clam.



ROBABLY the American clam is less fully understood than any other feature of our boasted civilization, writes Bill Nye in the New York World. He is either greatly overestimated on account of his naturally taciturn manner and reserve, or else he is regarded as an intellectual dwarf because he never tries to shine in society. Clams are of two classes—viz., the little-neck clams and the other clams. One of the peculiarities of the New York clam is that he has no vitativeness, as the phenologists call it. The pale bluish growth in the middle of the clam is not vitativeness or love of life, for he does not care to live. Neither does he care whether anybody else lives or not.

I bought a dozen raw clams of a globular man in a white apron a short time ago, having at that time a very erroneous idea about clams in the abstract or in the shell. Having been accustomed to the antique or canned clam which we used to get by bull team in an incredibly short time from Leavenworth and other posts where the land-locked or malleable clam is found, I knew little of the true Manhattan clam.

I only knew that he cared little for life, but died easily. I had heard that the male clam would turn when trodden upon, but I regarded him as generally undemonstrative and in favor of arbitration. I was misled also by the calm and unruffled demeanor of the Eastern clam, so I ate these twelve pachyderms hurriedly in order to catch a car, fearing that my seat in the City Hall Park would be taken by some one else. In less than half an hour, if I had read an advertisement in the paper offering a reward for the return of those clams, I would have hunted up the owner and said to him: "Sir, I do not wish to wrong any man. Here are your clams."

This feeling grew on me till I went to a drug store and bought a dose, which I scattered in among those turbulent elements. It was a mixture of things which the druggist sells during the summer as an Asiatic cholera mixture and in winter as a fire-kindler. I could not help asking myself, as I drank it and afterwards threw in one of those patent grenades for putting out a fire, why a man should put an incendiary under his vest to steal away his brains. I then went to the Battery and lay down under a tree. People who saw me tearing up the greensward and kicking the bark off the tree for a distance of seven feet above the ground said that it was too bad and claimed that no man ought to allow his dog to run loose in August to get hydrophobia and then bite innocent people.

People who still think that the pallid and aimless clam does not care for intestine strife or turmoil ought to go and see the way that tree is kicked to pieces. I was telling a friend afterward about the lawn festival and clam colic recital that I had been giving, and he said that I made a mistake in eating the clams raw. Raw clams at this season of the year, he said, were liable to be overcome by the heat, or they might be old and blase when they were caught, but if I could eat them in the form of chowder I would like them, and they would do me good.

He knew a good place to get clam chowder, and I went with him. It was a very riotous place, and I was told that Commodore Vanderbilt came there and ate clam chowder only a short time before his death. "So did I," Chowder, however, is made by shooting two-year-old clams out of a gun, and then cooking them with other things until they seem to lose their identity. It does not hurt people who are used to it, but a man who has most always lived on canned Lima beans ought to have his postoffice address and the address of his favorite undertaker in his pocket before he gives himself up to the false joys of clam chowder.

After we had eaten our chowder we went to call on a friend, and I heard afterward that he said I was a very much overestimated man. I can see now how he came to form that opinion. I cannot remember what I said while at his house, but if I said anything that would do to write in an autograph album I must have done so mechanically. I then went home, where I did not have to be polite. I have often thought that in referring to the joys of home writers and sculptors do not bear down hard enough on the fact that we can be as mean as we like around our own hearthstone and play a kind of Jekyll-Hyde business for years sometimes without being discovered. In the meantime our wives are requested to always meet us with a smile and a pair of warm slippers, so that we will not be

disatisfied with our home and go somewhere else to do our drinking. I presume that as many as two or three men have been driven to irretrievable ruin by this means.

The other man was ruined by eating pudding sauce that had elderberry wine in it. I went home because I was afraid that among strangers, the way I was feeling, I could not carry sunshine wherever I went or be the life of the party. So I went home, where nobody expected it.

Looking back over that long, dark afternoon, I am proud to say that I did not kick any of the children. No member of my family can ever truthfully say that I kicked him, even while under the influence of clams. I sent for a physician and requested that he would come as soon as possible, not because I thought he could save my life, but because I wanted some one to lean upon and show my tongue to.

He said I had colic. I had more than half suspected it all the time. He then made himself unpopular at our house by saying that he did not think I would die. After that he wrote a brief editorial in a foreign tongue and asked me if I had any one I could send to the drug store with it. I said I was afraid not. My butler had gone down to the glazier's to get one of the family diamonds reset and the footman was busy putting a new handle on our crest, but as soon as I was well enough I would go myself.

I said this in a tone of biting sarcasm, for I have no butler and wouldn't know how I could keep him busy if I had one. I've never seen the day yet when I couldn't do my own butering and still have time for my other work. He then said he would send the prescription himself if I would tell him of some druggist whom I felt that I could trust. I said I felt that I could trust most any druggist around here, and I hoped they felt the same way toward me.

I took a great deal of medicine that night, but continued restless and clamorous for some time. I suffered very much and said things that were calculated to discourage the use of clams in our midst. I'll not say that the clam, for every one, is absolutely indigestible, but I do say that I can not see why people can eat clams and still hesitate about eating pounded glass. Neither do I understand why any one should buy clams on the half shell and then throw away the shell. Clams grow best in low, wet grounds and do not go out very much. They live to a great age and their plumage is not gaudy, even in the tropics. Many believe the juice of the clam to be a good disinfectant for those who imagine they see funny reptiles and polka-dot insects floating through the air, but I do not know whether it is or not. Some say that a cold clam is a good thing to put on a boil. I never tried this either, but I have often thought that if I had a large and restless boil I would like to put a clam on it and then watch them from a distance. The methods of the two are so utterly different that a combat between a cold and austere clam and a hot-headed, tight-fitting boil would be very instructive. Clams do not produce their young alive, but hatch them from eggs with which they are wisely provided by nature. It takes the female clam a long time to hatch out her young, owing to the low temperature of her feet. If I had a large flock of female clams who manifested a desire to hatch out some young clams, I would fool them while they were looking the other way, and watch their surprise when they came off the nest with a large brood of oysters.

What the Boy Costs. Taking as a text the words of a young man, "My father never did anything for me," the Buffalo Express preaches a little sermon and produces some figures that ought to have a good effect on youth who entertain such unflinching ideas: This young man, to the knowledge of the writer, has never done one month's actual work for others in his entire life. His life has been passed in the pleasant pastimes of the home circle, in reading, study, hunting, fishing, ball-playing, yachting, and other employments not particularly beneficial to others. He is a type of that class of boys whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to keep servants to attend to the household drudgery, and whose fathers follow vocations in which no use can be made of the boy's spare hours. Like most boys of his class, he looks upon his board and clothes for twenty years, together with his pony, jewelry, bicycle, etc., as matters of course. The writer, while the complaining remark was still ringing in his ears, had the curiosity to make a conservative compilation of what it costs to raise an ordinary boy for the first twenty years of his life, and here it is: \$100 per year for the first five years \$500 \$150 per year for the second five years 750 \$200 per year for the third five years 1,000 \$300 per year for the next three years 900 \$400 per year for the next two years 800 Total \$3,950 Yes, this is a moderate estimate of the financial balance against the boy who complains that his father has never done anything for him.



THE CLAM MAN.



SEEKING RELIEF.

HOME CONVULSIONS.

HOME CONVULSIONS.

HOME CONVULSIONS.

HOME CONVULSIONS.

HOME CONVULSIONS.

HOME CONVULSIONS.

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HOME CONVULSIONS.

HOME CONVULSIONS.

HOME CONVULSIONS.

HUMOR.

POLICEMEN belong to the arrestocracy.

In the drama of life the clerk plays a counterpart.

"Yes, my child, yes; dun is the future tense of due."

The more you collar and cuff a Chinaman the better he likes it.

It is a mysterious dispensation of providence that earthquakes never strike dynamiters, walking delegates, or boodle politicians.

"Did you hear of the accident to Jones?" "Why, no; what happened to him?" "Well, he fell from his lady's favor, and broke his engagement."

"Called back," as some suppose, is not entirely of romantic love; it is the poet who forgot to close the dreaded sanctum door.

—Texas Siftings.

THREATS of assassination and nihilistic plots keep the Czar's life under a cloud. Still, that is consistent, since there can be no reign without clouds.

—Siftings.

"PAPA, what does *E Pluribus Unum* mean?" "It means 'one of many,' my son." "Well, papa, as you have many children, ain't it an *e pluribus unum*?"

—Newman Independent.

SHE—No! I can't give you another dance. But I'll introduce you to the prettiest girl in the room. He—But I don't want to dance with the prettiest girl in the room. I want to dance with you.

"WHAT'S the matter with your eyes, Joe?" "Been sifting ashes, Bill. The wind's against me, no matter how I turn." "I never get ashes in my eyes, Joe?" "How do you avoid it?" "I let my wife sift them."

THE great purpose of strong drink is to have a man get the ecstasy of intoxication and at the same time appear sober to the persons about him. There was only one man who habitually succeeded in it, and he died of a bad carbuncle a hundred years ago.—Judge.

LOVERS are prone to self-depreciation. Said he tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars: "I do not understand what you see in what that you love me." "That's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden. Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.—Boston Courier.

TWO FRIENDS are walking along the street. One of them, pointing to a house, says: "There's a beautiful place, but it's enough to make a man sad to look at it." "Why so?" "On account of its history; for, despite its calm and serene surroundings, it was built upon the groans, tears, wailings, and blood of widows, orphans, old men, and struggling women." "You don't say so. Was it built by a railroad monopolist?" "Oh, no; by a dentist."—Arkansas Traveler.

IT takes the tasks of 75,000 elephants per year to supply the world's piano keys, billiard balls, and knife handles. But when it comes right down to business, the celluloid factories are obliged to lump themselves to the fullest extent to turn out enough bogus ivory to supply the demand. The only reason that ivory is used at all, now-a-days, is because there are not enough celluloid factories to supply the demand, and they are compelled to use the genuine article as a substitute.—Peck's Sun.

"PEOPLE living over in your county don't seem to have to pay very high taxes," said one Dakota man to another. "No, we don't. How do you account for it?" "There is a whole lot of land owned by Eastern speculators and when the assessor comes to any of it he acts just as if he thought there was a town staked out on every quarter section and when he comes to any of us we sit around and groan about the prospect for poor crops. This lets us down easy on taxes." "But isn't there an Equalizing Board?" "Oh, yes; but 'tain't no new thing—we make allowance for it."—Dakota Bell.

Feats of Arabian Fanatics. For those whose ravenous appetites he was content to humor the most singular repast was prepared. A plate was brought in, covered with huge jagged pieces of broken glass, as thick as a shattered soda water bottle. With greedy chuckles and gurglings of delight one of the hungry ones dashed at it, crammed a handful into his mouth, and crunched it up as though it were some exquisite dainty, a fellow disciple calmly stroking the exterior of his throat, with intent, I suppose, to lubricate the descent of the unwanted morsels. A little child held up a snake or sand-worm by the tail, placing the head between his teeth, and gulped it gleefully down. Several acolytes came in, carrying a big stem of the prickly pear, or fico d'India, whose leaves are as thick as a one-inch plank, and are armed with huge projecting thorns. This was ambrosia to the starving saints; they rushed at it with passionate emulation, tearing at the solid slabs with their teeth, and gnawing and munching the coarse fibers, regardless of the thorns which pierced their tongues and cheeks as they swallowed them down.—Fortnightly Review.

Unfortunate Resemblance. Fond mother (to visiting friend)—Yes, every one seems to think he looks like his papa; now, do you, Mr. Fitzgibbon? Fitzgibbon (consoling)—Well, yes; but indeed I wouldn't allow that to annoy me, if I were you, considering he is sound in every other respect.—Texas Siftings.

CENSURE is most effectual when mixed with praise; so when a fault is discovered it is well to look up a virtue to go in company with it.

TALENT manufactures; genius creates.—E. H. Hedge.

ALVAN CLARK.

The Interesting Story of a Busy Life.
The city of Cambridge, Mass., has lost her most widely known and time-honored citizen. At the ripe age of four score years and three, Mr. Alvan Clark, the world-renowned telescope-maker and astronomer, has joined the hosts of illustrious men who have passed through death into life immortal. He was one of the most famous men that this century has produced, yet, withal, one of the most modest and unassuming of gentlemen. When in company with a friend, a few weeks prior to his death, the conversation turned on his own great age and the short time that must elapse ere he should go to his final rest, and he recited with a simplicity that was touching and impressive those beautiful lines



ALVAN CLARK.

from Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which have been an inspiration to many since they were penned by their noble author. "Who could constantly study the works of the Creator as I have without trusting him?" he said. There is something grand in the life of such a man, and his name will live for centuries in the list of those who have risen from the ranks to be our nation's noblemen.

Mr. Clark was a typical gentleman of the old school. It was once my privilege to enjoy his hospitality and to visit his manufactory in his company. A more entertaining host could not have been found. His style of conversation was somewhat quaint and desultory, a fact which added to its interest, and he seemed to take pleasure in telling me the story of his unrivaled success as a lens-maker.

In a jocular tone he asked: "Would you think I was over eighty years old? I will be eighty-three on the 6th of next March," he said. "I hold my own pretty well, though I don't expect it will be for long now. Eighty-four and a half is the average at which men die after having reached my time of life. Very few of my old associates are left. I retain full possession of all my faculties, and with my eyesight in particular I have been very fortunate. I have exposed myself night after night, during the past forty-five years, to the cold and rain while making astronomical observations, and it is a great wonder that it has not wrought a detrimental effect on my system."

"I was born and brought up in Massachusetts—born in Ashfield March 6, 1804. I served nine years at engraving and calico printing—first in Lowell, then Providence, New York, and three years under Robinson at Fall River. Thence I came to Boston and made a modest livelihood for about twenty years by pursuing the self-taught art of portrait and miniature painting, beguiling my leisure with the construction of small telescopes. Here is a miniature portrait of old Dr. Bemis which I painted almost fifty years ago. It has just been sent back to me. That picture you see there is of a man who was once the sheriff of Boston, a man widely known in those days."

"But you want to know how I came to be a manufacturer of lenses. Well,



LICK TELESCOPE AT MT. HAMILTON, CAL.

it was, I suppose, my taste for astronomy. While my son was at Phillips Academy, in Andover, he made all the castings of a telescope without consulting me first. In taking hold to teach him I became interested myself, and finally devoted my whole attention to it. Having been led by accident to attempt the grinding of lenses I produced some objectives equal in quality to any previously made."

"You can, of course, recollect old Dr. Bigelow, your family doctor. On his return from a visit to Europe I met him, and during our conversation, knowing he was somewhat interested in astronomy, I asked him if he called on Merz & Mahler, at Munich, while he was away; also, I said I had been making some telescopes. 'Ah,' said he, 'if you wish to know anything about telescopes you must go where they are made.' About forty years later, when he was President of the American Academy of Sciences, he was present at the time I had the honor of receiving the Rumford medal. I recalled the conversation, and said to him: 'If you wish to know anything about telescopes come and see me at Cambridge.' We enjoyed a hearty laugh over the reminiscence. Both of my sons and myself are members of the American Academy of Sciences, and my eldest son is a mem-

ber of the Rumford Committee. I am also a member of the Philosophical Society, and have the degree of M. A. from four different colleges—Chicago, Amherst, Princeton, and Harvard."

"While testing telescope lenses, I made the discovery of some difficult double stars. My son Alvan, while we were completing an eighteen-inch glass for the Chicago Observatory, turned his glass on Sirius, the dog star. 'Why, father,' he exclaimed, 'the star has a companion.' I looked, and there was a faint companion due east from the bright star, and distant about ten seconds. This was the predicted direction for that time, although he knew nothing of it. As news of the discovery spread, all the great telescopes were turned upon Sirius, and it was found that many telescopes would show it, now that the observers knew where to look. For this discovery my son was awarded the Lalande medal by Professor Chancelier, of the French Academy of Science. While trying a glass on Hercules, which is a double star, I found that its companion was double also. In one year alone I discovered eight new double stars, and with telescopes of my own construction. Rev. W. R. Dawes, one of the leading astronomers in England, and an active member of the Royal Astronomical Society, purchased an object glass of me and found it so efficient and perfect in definition that he finally ordered a whole telescope. Soon after this my glasses began to be appreciated in my own country. In 1860 I received an order from the University of Mississippi, of which Dr. F. A. Barnard was then President, for a refractor of eighteen inches aperture, which was three inches greater than the largest telescope that had then been made. While it was in progress the civil war broke out, and prevented the party originally ordering the instrument from taking it; but it was shortly afterward sold to the Astronomical Society of Chicago for \$20,000 and mounted in 1863."

"After we had proved that efficient instruments could be made of more



TELESCOPE AT WASHINGTON.

than two feet aperture the attention of Congress was called to the deficiency of the National Observatory. It had nothing better than an ancient Munich refractor of nine and a half inches. In 1870 a bill was passed by Congress authorizing the Superintendent to contract for a telescope of the largest size of American manufacture. The aperture agreed upon was twenty-six inches, and the contract was given us, as we are solitary in our line in this country. It proved extremely difficult to obtain rough glass even of this size, and it was over a year before we were able to get rough disks completed of the required size. We import our glass from Paris. The glass arrived in December, 1871; the polishing was completed in October, 1872; the whole instrument in a year more, and was finally mounted and ready for observation in November, 1873. We were paid forty-six thousand dollars in gold for it, and gold was then at a premium. In importing rough lenses we were obliged to pay thirty per cent. duty because the edges of the glass used to be ground smooth and polished, so that the maker could inspect them to see if there were any defects before they were shipped. Now I order them ground off rough again, which allows them to be passed under the head of raw material, as they should be either way."

"Have you shipped many out of the country?"

"Quite a few."

"Any large ones?"

"The one we made for the Russian Government was the largest refractor at that time in the world. It is thirty inches clear aperture."

"How did you come by the contract?"

"Mr. Otto Struve, the great Russian astronomer, received permission from the Czar to contract for a telescope which would be more powerful than any which had been made up to that time. After traveling over his own country and Europe, and not finding anything which appeared to suit him, he came to America. He might possibly have seen some telescope of our manufacture in Europe. He visited the Naval Observatory at Washington and then came to see us. Before he went away he contracted for an instrument to cost \$32,000. I asked him if he required bonds of us for the fulfillment of the contract. He laughed at the idea and gave me a check for \$12,000 as a guarantee that he meant business himself."

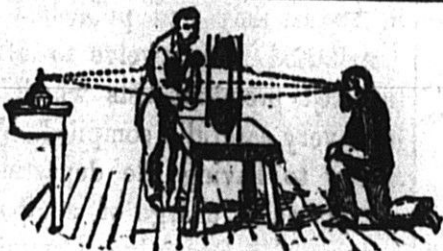
"Do you ever make any small-sized instruments?"

"What we call small size. Yes. For schools and colleges of lesser note. We made one for the Madison College, Wisconsin. One day a man came into the workshop and asked to be shown some good telescopes, saying that the

people 'out his way' seemed anxious to have a good telescope. There was too small, and, as he was coming in 'this way,' he thought he would look the matter up for them. He talked business for pretty good-sized figures, and finally ordered an instrument at a good round price, in fact, expensive. Not knowing who he was, I asked him his name. He said: 'O—well—h'mph! Excuse me, my name is Washburn. If you would like to know a little more about me, I have been Governor of the State.'"

Mr. Clark then invited me to enter his house, and exhibited some fine oil portraits of Henry Clay and other eminent men and prominent statesmen of a generation or so ago, all of which were executed by himself."

Mr. Clark was also the inventor of a micrometer that has proved to be of



LOOKING FOR FLAWS.

almost incalculable value to astronomers, as through its use any distance can be measured with accuracy up to one degree. Although eighty-three years of age, Mr. Clark performed manual labor and took active interest in his business up to the date of his death, and worked with equal zest to that of his sons. He was a self-made, representative, progressive man of this century, whose genius at invention placed him alone and unrivaled in his specialty, a specialty without which much that is now known of the once mysterious blank that surrounds the universe never could have been brought to light. His life-work can never be overestimated, and no appreciative praise of his endeavors can be too great in honor of his memory.—Burt Arnold, in Keokuk Democrat.

An English Treadmill.

A graphic description of the Cold Bath Fields Prison is published in *All the Year Round*. The treadmill, its occupants and surroundings, are described as the strangest of all the sights of this great prison. It is a fine, well-ventilated hall, lighted from above, and on either side are rows of gray-coated prisoners, the strangest collection of human scoundrels, as, clinging to a wooden bar above them, they skip from step to step of the slowly turning wheel and never an inch further advanced for all their skipping. A sad, terrible sight of human degradation. Not all the prisoners are at work, a third of them are resting—for each man's daily task is divided into quarter hours of which ten minutes are spent on the wheel and five minutes sitting down. A prisoner with a can goes round and supplies those who are resting with water. And this is the real hard labor of the prison—an ordeal that all must go through who are thus sentenced. A month on the treadmill is the preliminary of all who are not pronounced unfit by the prison surgeon. As a punishment it falls most heavily upon the least criminal; the regular prison-bird is accustomed to the work, his muscles have accommodated themselves to his peculiar conditions of life. But to the prisoner who has not been previously convicted the first week or two is positive torture, every muscle and sinew being racked and strained by the unaccustomed labor. Silence, of course, is imperative. The slightest accent brings punishment, and yet the prisoners contrive to talk upon the wheel. With faces to the revolving wheel, and without turning in either direction, a whisper is breathed in the air and meets a receptive ear. Occasionally the receptive ear is that of a warden, who, having a little leisure time, devotes it to the chase of small offenses—a cruel sport, perhaps, but then the relations between prisoners and wardens are not marked by confidence and affection. But it is rather startling, as we pass by the ranks of prisoners toiling up their never-ending stairs, to hear, softly murmured, a distant personal allusion to a group of visitors passing through the ward. It is impossible to say whence the voice proceeds, and the wardens shake their heads and look sterner than ever; but the incident has its cheering side, showing that all human spirit is not crushed out by the flanges of that hideous wheel. Turning from the wheel-room we see the result of this economic application of human force in the shape of mill wheels and stones and powdery streams of flour.

Abby Kelley's Thanksgiving.

In April, 1861, General Cox and General Garfield were members of the Ohio Senate and were lodging together. On the day that Fort Sumter was fired on the Senate was in session when a member came from the lobby in an excited manner, and, catching the Chairman's eye, exclaimed: "Mr. President, the telegraph announces that the secessionists are bombarding Fort Sumter."

There was a solemn and painful hush, broken in a moment by a woman's shrill voice from the spectator's seat, crying: "Glory to God!"

This was the voice of Abby Kelley, a radical friend of the slave, who believed that only through blood could his freedom be won, and she shouted the fierce cry of joy.—Boston Commonwealth.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Dispensations of Providence.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: I don't want to flatter you, but I will say your ideas about the recent terrible railroad disaster near Chatsworth, being an act of Providence, meet my hearty concurrence.

I noticed that the President of the little pumpkin-vine road on which the accident occurred did not hesitate to throw the responsibility of the whole heartrending affair directly on the shoulders of the Almighty. However, this is only a fair sample of the gall which the average railroad President must possess before he can hope to rise to eminence in his noble calling. It occurs to me, though I may be wrong, that any one possessing brains enough to grease a "bullet patching" would know better than to charge the Almighty with such deeds as that, or to even think that the Heavenly Father takes any pleasure in seeing his earthly children slaughtered in such wholesale, not to say shocking, manner.

By the way, did you ever notice that even among a certain class of Christians the tendency is to credit Deity with everything that happens in this world of ours? If Bill Jones' horse takes the colic and lies down and dies right in the middle of corn planting, leaving Bill in a bad way to get his crop "tended," there are always those to declare it was a dispensation of Providence. They overlook the fact that the horse was a "breachy" old cuss, and that the night before it had jumped the pasture fence in the barnyard, and pulled the pin out of the corn-crib door, and ate enough corn to kill a half a dozen horses. Also, to carry their reasoning a little further, they say that Bill ought to either have "hobbled" the critter or else put a yoke on it, or, better still, kept it in the barn. To suppose that the death of a horse was a dispensation of Providence is no more absurd, to my mind at least, than to assume that he should have seen to it personally that the animal was yoked or kept in the barn, where it could not have got at the corn-crib.

Now, my dear boy, you know me well enough to understand that I mean no irreverence toward sacred things by saying what I do; but I have often thought that the worst sins for which some people will have to answer at the great Judgment Day, will be the many times they have charged the Almighty with doing things that He had no more to do with than you or I. And of this class I am quite confident that railroad president will surely head the list; excepting of course that he takes it all back, says he is sorry, and places the blame where it belongs, on his own shoulders, and that of his fellow-officers of the road, for building wooden bridges, when stone and iron are the only materials that should be used in such work.

In brief, I think it wrong and wicked to charge Providence with those things that are plainly due to man's ignorance, his stupidity, his neglect, or to his downright, cold-blooded cussedness.

But you must excuse this rather long letter. You got me started, and I came near forgetting to quit. With much love and best wishes for your continued prosperity, I am glad to still sign myself your

UNCLE SAM.

A Siamese Prince on His Travels.

The first cousin of the King of Siam, Prince Devawongse Varopruk, who is making a hasty tour of the globe, is Minister of Foreign Affairs of that



kingdom. Prince Devawongse is a very intellectual man, speaking the English language with a fluency that is only acquired through intercourse with the choicest of writers and speakers. The Prince is accompanied by four young nephews who have been taken from school at London, to enjoy an instructive traveling vacation.

A Mistake.

A man overcome by his emotions and bad whisky lay down beside a fence. A hog strolling that way in search of food began rooting about the prostrate figure, as if he thought his discovery was a vegetable product. The drunken man stupidly opened one eye, and, observing the grunting beast, remarked: "Shu, here, piggy, I know that 'esh now I'm not your equal in point of dignity; nevertheless, I desire to shay for various reasons that I'm not a putterer, an' to take me for one ish a shlander on the vegetable. If you devour me in my present condition you'll find me er-very indigestible."

The hog moved on.

Indian Myths.

The Greeks accepted, without hesitation, the tales that were told of men without noses, and with two orifices above the mouth, for the purpose of breathing, which, it has been suggested, may have been an unconscious caricature of the Mongols, referring to the fables of the old Greek historians. The pigmies, only three spans in height, who were warred upon by cranes and by partridges as large as geese, may have been a dwarfish race, dwelling in woods and at the foot of mountains, who earned a precarious livelihood as bowmen and trappers.

Bhotan people, whose ears are enormously elongated by artificial means, may have been represented as a tribe whose ears reached to the ground and which were otherwise so hung that their owners would coil themselves up and go to sleep in them. The swift runners who could run down a horse might have found their analogues within quite a recent period and may perhaps still find them in some of the native states. The fable of the gold-digging ants, large as wild foxes, has been long since explained as referring to Thibetan miners, men of low stature who inhabit the mountainous country to the north of Kashmir.

The animals mistaken for ants may very well have been marmots, which are said to be plentiful in those parts. As for the monstrous shapes, which no traveler pretends to have seen with his own eyes, they existed, no doubt, in bright colors on the inner walls of pagodas, and were intended to depict the Rakshasas or demons, odious alike to men and gods. Such was the probable origin of the beings who were born without mouths and lived on the aroma of fruits and flowers; of those whose feet were turned the wrong way, the heels being to the front, while the instep and toes were behind; of those who bore the head of a dog and were furnished with claws, who lived by hunting and fowling, and who clothed themselves with the skins of wild beasts; of those who had the ear of a dog, erect hair and shaggy breasts and with one eye in the center of the forehead; finally of those without nostrils, who devoured raw meat and all manner of abomination and died in their youth, ungainly creatures with the upper lip hanging over the lower. Of no greater importance are the marvelous animals erroneously delineated rather than invented, such as serpents with membranous wings, that flew by night; horses with deer's heads surmounted by a black horn, with legs without a joint, and with the tail of a pig; tigers twice the size of a lion; the phoenix, sprung from the sun's rays, that lived its life of 5,000 years in India, and, singing its own dirge, died in its own nest of aromatic herbs hard by the fountains of the Nile. It would be sheer waste of time to bestow further thought upon the childish inventions fathered by Philostratus upon Apollonius of Tyana, or rather upon the journal of his fellow-traveler Damis. Quite as little attention is due Latin writers who professed to have derived their information from Indian merchants settled at Alexandria, or from apocryphal embassies supposed to have been dispatched by Indian kings to Roman emperors. In more than one of these romances allusion is made to the Leadstone Islands in the Indian Ocean, which were believed to draw iron bolts out of ships at an incredible distance, and which have been thus explained by the fact that the seas in question were navigated by vessels, the planks of which were bound together by ropes and cord without the use of nails and bolts.—*Asiatic Quarterly Review*.

Only One Want.

A destructive storm passed in the vicinity of Watertown, this Territory, doing considerable damage. A number of settlers lost nearly everything, their houses being blown away and personal effects destroyed. A relief committee went out from Watertown the next morning to look up the sufferers. One of the worst cases they could learn of was that of a woman who had had a small house directly in the path of the storm, and who lost everything she had in the world, with the exception of a dress which she had hurriedly slipped on when awakened by the storm. Some of the lady members of the committee visited her at a neighbor's house.

"So you lost everything?" one of them said.

"Everything I had in the world except the dress I have on."

"House and furniture all blown away?"

"Yes."

"Your clothing all gone except that dress?"

"Everything—even my shoes and stockings."

"Well, we have come out to do something for you people who were so unfortunate as to be struck by the cyclone. What will you want first in the way of clothing?"

"Well," replied the woman who had lost everything, "I feel very grateful for your kindness. You just give me a bustle and I think I can stir around and earn the rest of the things I need myself."—*Dakota Bell*.

Couldn't Both Strike.

"Pat, let's quit work. O'm goin' on a stroike."

"Yez may go, Jimmy, but indade O'll not stroike."

"Whoy, Pat?"

"Me woiife."

"Phwat! Is yer Bridget on a stroike, too?"

"Indade she is, Jimmy. Look at the top av me head if yez don't belave me."

—*Newman Independent*.

Good company and good conversation are the very sineews of virtue.

Do you want to buy or sell a farm?
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Holland City?

Do you want to rent a house or store in Holland?

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Highest market price paid for Wheat
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Eighth Street, - Holland, Mich.

Visitors in the City during Fair Week should call at

Dr. D. M. GEE'S DENTAL ROOMS

and see his Electrical Device for the
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

VAUPELL'S

Model Harness and Horse Clothing Rooms.

The largest stock of Blankets and Robes to
select from in Ottawa County at prices to
suit the times. Now is the time to look them
over and make your selections.

Eighth Street, Holland, Mich.

CLOTHING!

Clothing! Clothing!

A large new stock just received to be sold

CHEAP At BOSMAN'S.

Store on Eighth Street, Holland, Mich.

WAIT!

WAIT!!

For the opening of

CRANDELL'S BAZAAR

in the building next to Brusse Bros. before you purchase all
the goods you want. Everything, from a paper of pins to a
nice piece of glassware, is kept on hand and will be sold.

The Bazaar is to become a permanent fixture of Holland
City so do not be afraid of patronizing some temporary
auction store with a damaged lot of goods.

Call after Thursday and we will be ready for you
with a large stock of Bazaar Goods, Glassware,
Crockery, and Notions of all Kinds.

S. R. CRANDELL.

This, the third annual fair of the
South Ottawa and West Allegan
Agricultural Society, is in every
respect the more successful
than the two previous ones. The
officers elected at the annual meeting
of the Society were: W. H. Beach,
president; A. G. Van Hees, vice
president; Otto Breyman, treasurer;
Arend Visscher, secretary; M. D. L.
Hollis, marshal, and June Davis,
assistant marshal. These officers
have performed very faithful service
and put forth their utmost endeavors
to make the fair a success. Early
in August they had published and
distributed from twelve to fifteen
hundred premium lists which had
been very carefully compiled. With
a view to having the departments
all placed in charge of competent
persons the Executive Committee
selected the following superinten-

dents:
Cattle, Gardner Avery.
Horses, D. B. K. Van Raalte.
Sheep and Swine, John Snyder.
Poultry, Millard Harrington.
Agriculture, John A. Kooijers.
Farm Implements, D. Bloemers.
Pomological Dep't., I. Marsilje.
Floral Dep't., W. Z. Bangs.
Dep't Woman's Work, Mrs. G.
Van Schelven.
Miscel's Dep't., W. H. Rogers.

Music-Boxes.

"The demand for fine music-boxes
is greatly on the increase in this
country," said a Chicago salesman.
"During the last four years we have
doubled each year on the sales of the
preceding one. Perhaps Patti's famous
music-box, which was manufactured for
her at a cost of \$20,000, set the craze
going. I know that no matter how ex-
pensive an instrument we import there
is sale for it. Novelties in music-boxes
are being constantly turned out by
skilled workmen. They are all made
in Switzerland, either at St. Croix or
Geneva. They find their way to Amer-
ica, of every quality and price, from 50
cents to \$2,500. A Chicago brewer
bought one from us not long ago which
would play sixty-four tunes. He paid
\$1,500. I sold one to a La Crosse
(Wis.) man for \$1,200; it played twenty-
four airs. Of course the expense of an
instrument can be greatly increased or
decreased, the same as a piano, by its
case.

"How long will one of those instru-
ments last if kept constantly in motion?"
asked the reporter.

"Oh, a lifetime, with proper care.
They are just like a watch. If a portion
of the mechanism wears out it can be
replaced.

"The demand is greater for boxes
ranging in price from \$75 to \$300;
more, however, at \$300 than \$75.
There is something very fascinating in
a music-box. Frequently people come
in from some inland town with the in-
tention of buying a music-box which
will cost \$50 or \$100. When they listen
to the different instruments they are
not satisfied with anything cheap, and
invariably take one running up into the
hundreds in price."

"What are the airs which most of
these boxes are arranged to produce?"

"Those made for our trade nearly all
play operatic airs or tunes popular in
America. This box, however, turns out
two German airs."

He held up, as he spoke, a large
beer-mug of clear cut-glass. It would
hold about a quart of liquid, and was
provided with a glass cover like a
syrup-pitcher. It was designed for a
tankard from which beer could be
poured into smaller glasses. The action
of lifting it and pouring out the beer
would set the music concealed in the
transparent bottom free. A wine-bottle
constructed in the same manner was
seen. Little revolving ebony cigar-
holders, ornamented with hammered
brass, served as another device for the
casing of musical machinery. They
were likewise provided with two small
cruets for cognac or cordial, and two
tiny glasses. Other cigar-holders were
in the form of brass cannon, which, as
they reeled off tunes, fired the cigars
from their receptacle. Bouquet-hold-
ers containing bundles of artificial
flowers are arranged to perform the
same feat. In fact, it seems as if there
is scarcely anything manufactured for
household use or ornament which may
not be utilized for a music-box.—
Chicago News.

"A boy
:Right Maschito!" May it be a boy
:Sumptuous! May it be a boy
to sneeze near her by explaining
to the child sneezes the name the
He repeats over a list of
a sneeze when he names an in-
New Zealand the priest is guided by
prayed the sun for his salvation
and upon him bowed and bowed
when an Indian reached and sav-
person sneezed. Desoto declared that
custom of uttering a sneeze
obligations, "except in the lady
they could discover traces of any
some of the natives of Equatorial Africa
Spoke and Grant say that among

B. Van Raalte,

dealer in

Agr'l Implements and Machinery,

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